



THE New Republic

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UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT

Notes From Warsaw

*NR's Editor Finds Confidence, Criticism and
Unanswered Questions in Gomulka's Poland*

By GILBERT A. HARRISON



No Wonder We Can't Spell *Fremont Kutnewsky*

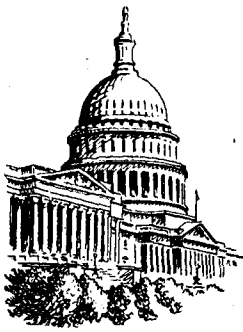
"The Americans Betrayed Us!" *Bernard Brown*

The Africa of Alan Paton *Trevor Huddleston*

Anouilh's Valse Triste *John Gassner*

FEBRUARY 11, 1957

20c



Washington Wire

Hoarding Popularity

IT SHOULD always be understood that there is a feeling in Washington that Eisenhower is a man of goodwill and that if you could only somehow catch his ear, things might be straightened out. Every now and then yearning columns of explanation are written with this purpose, but it is doubtful if he sees them. The problem is that all the avenues of communication between President and press, President and politicians, President and public are constricting, like arteries in the aged. It is an aging Administration.

Eisenhower could have explained to the nation the point of Saud's visit, of Tito's proposed visit, but he has abandoned the fireside chat technique; for a period of 10 weeks he gave up press conferences; he is cut off by other conditions—by the role of Sherman Adams or the extraordinary military-model staff to which he has delegated a good deal of power.

Sen. J. William Fulbright (D, Ark.) has offered fairly specific criticism of Middle East policy for a year or so, but the President doesn't know about it; at his latest press conference Eisenhower complained that all the attacks he heard were "generalized" or based on "hind-sight." Criticism of Dulles (like Nixon) hurts and bewilders him. Of course, there is partisanship in the Congressional attacks on Dulles, but a strong segment in the Senate now really distrusts Dulles' judgment and begins to doubt his good faith.

Eisenhower's enormous popularity is like a man's capital in the bank: it accumulates because it is not spent. Every time an American President shows firm initiative he alienates somebody, of course, but that is the price of leadership. If only Eisenhower would "spend" some of his hoarded popularity! He genuinely hates inflation but is reluctant to take the stand necessary to stop it; he believes Western Europe should get US oil supplies in the Suez petroleum famine but hesitates to crack down on recalcitrant state commissions; he is ap-

pealed to by distracted Negro leaders of Montgomery, Alabama, to express moral leadership but answers through the Attorney General that it is not "possible."

It is widely held in Washington, and this column believes it, that Eisenhower and Dulles if left to themselves would deal with Red China, knowing that such a development is inevitable. Eisenhower has prestige enough to do this or any, or all, of these things. But he does not dip into his popularity. It might be the very extent of a President's failure that at a time when the need was to do unpopular things he remained popular.

Troubles Ahead

THE FACT is that a number of problems are catching up with spongy White House leadership. We have told you about some of them before. Dulles is in trouble in Congress. There has been a breakdown of Cabinet discipline. Stassen has attacked Nixon again. George Humphrey — the strong man in the Cabinet — has touched off an attack on his boss' budget. Charlie Wilson made remarks which everybody in Washington knew were true about the politically potent, state-controlled National Guard — was chided by the President—and instantly defended by Mrs. Wilson. She at once became the Capital's heroine as she let several cats out of the bag at once.

Perhaps the fiscal situation is the Administration's most serious and immediate domestic headache. Evidence accumulates that business interests are really shocked by the budget. They are not deceived by the amusing pretense that responsibility is "up to Congress." They feel that Humphrey, whatever he may say from now on, tipped them a signal on this. "Ike is too liberal." The financial interests involved never yet had enough votes to carry an election but they pretty well own the press. Editorial writers will be getting orders in a month or so to crack down a bit (gently, of course, at first) on Eisenhower. It is interesting to see the bitterness already displayed in the business and financial press and to note what the leaders of the NAM and of the chambers of commerce are saying privately to each other.

Mr. Tito Regrets

JUST FOR the sake of the record this column would like to say that it is glad to see King Saud here, is sorry Tito isn't coming, wishes Bulganin and Khrushchev were guests, would like to invite Chou En-lai over and believes it could even stand a visit from fat little Spanish dictator Franco. If such visitors do not deserve warmth, they deserve politeness; if they come they might learn something; and if America isn't big enough to endure a few leaders who make its stomach turn queasy, then it has lost the Cold War in advance.

Oil As Usual

THE ADMINISTRATION promised to help Western Europe meet the Suez oil famine with a quota of about 500,000 barrels of American crude a day. Its failure to live up to its goal makes an interesting case history. The Administration did three things: told Europe it would help meet the problem, called in a group of 15 private oil companies and said, "Boys, you do this thing as a demonstration of free enterprise for an Administration that loves you!" and finally, through Interior Secretary Fred Seaton, December 14, told the National Petroleum Council here (and we quote exactly), "The federal government will not encroach upon states rights." What happened? The oil moguls formed the "Middle East Emergency Committee," and the program fell on its face.

The reason seems to be that without stronger Administration leadership there are too many problems in the way. The Texas Railroad Commission, which allocates production quotas for the state, won't raise them—it is making US foreign policy rather than the State Department. Meanwhile the price of fuel oil has been jacked up, and there has even been an increase in gasoline prices (temporary perhaps), though gasoline is a glut on the market. There is plenty of oil, too, if the oil industry started to produce. The price increase will cost American consumers half a billion dollars or more. This all comes from an industry that gets a special 27.5 percent annual depletion-tax allowance, that never lets a deserving politicians' campaign cup go empty, and that is protected all over the world by US taxpayers' gunboats. Senator O'Mahoney's forthcoming investigation of the oil industry may be interesting.

T.R.B.

The New Republic

A JOURNAL OF OPINION



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Correspondence

► Who is a Bore?

SIRS:

I SHOULD like to close the circle by commenting on Mr. Hackett's "The Self Is a Bore" (NR, Jan. 28, 1957), which was itself an attack on Dean Fitch's letter (NR, Dec. 17, 1956) about my Aldous Huxley critique.

Mr. Hackett has my hearty support when he points out to Dean Fitch that Platonism is a decidedly important element in Christianity. . . . But I do not share Mr. Hackett's enthusiasm for Hinduism, or for Eastern religions generally ("The Self Is a Bore" leaves in doubt whether Mr. Hackett's Cambridge-flanneled, tweed-coated, race-car-admiring friend Krishnamurti is a Hindu or a Buddhist). At the risk of incurring the epithet "religious isolationist," I must stand by my conviction that anti-intellectualist depreciation of "thought" and "knowledge" are just

(Continued on page 23)

Mustering Two-Thirds

LIKE THE US Senate with its mystical two-thirds vote required for impeachment and other grave actions, the 80-member UN General Assembly provides that only two-thirds of those present and voting can decide what the Charter calls "important questions" such as a Middle East peace formula. That means 54 ayes, when the house is full. A Soviet bloc of nine, combined with an Asian-African group of 27, could obstruct any Middle East settlement unless the resolution were phrased to win some of their votes.

The first showdown vote on a Middle East settlement—a very mild proposal—was tallied Saturday afternoon, February 2. The vote was 56 for, none against, 22 abstaining, a margin of four above two-thirds. American Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge and Indian Ambassador Krishna Menon, who teamed up on the vote, thus split the Asian-African bloc. But the resolution was so watered down and the margin so small that UN strategists are studying the switch-voters to see how two-thirds can be won on more divisive and difficult issues ahead.

The February 2 vote was in two stages. The first, a resolution calling on Israel to withdraw from all Egyptian territory, carried by 76-2, with unanimous support of the Communist and Asian-African nations. But two hours later, the second-stage resolution, calling for deployment of the UN Emergency Force along the Israel-Egypt armistice line, lost the support of the eight Communist bloc nations present, and 11 of the 27 in the African-Asian group, all of them Arab or Moslem nations: Egypt, Iraq, Jordan, Lebanon, Libya, Morocco, Saudi Arabia, Sudan, Syria, Tunisia and Yemen.

Nevertheless the Asian aye-vote was impressive. It included every Asian member from Iran eastward, not excepting Afghanistan which frequently votes with the Soviet bloc. This was the strongest support Asian-African members had given the West on any issue dividing the West and the Communist bloc in the current General Assembly.

One can observe a growing ideological split among the Asians and Africans. On the seating of Communist China last November 16, these 27 nations split 10-10, with six abstentions, and one absent. On the question of demanding Russian withdrawal from Hungary last November 21, the vote was 13-13. On condemnation of Russian action in Hungary, voted December 12, the vote was 15-11. On each of these votes the hard core of Western supporters included the Baghdad and SEATO allies—Iran, Iraq, Pakistan, Philippines, Siam, Turkey—plus Ethiopia and Liberia, joined each time by a varying group of switch voters.

An exercise in arithmetic, such as this, convinced Ambassador Lodge that a stronger Middle East resolution could not win the two-thirds vote at this time. But proselytizing has only begun.

Maiden Among Monsters?

ONLY a few hours before the Mayor of New York dreamed he was Secretary of State and would not choose to show the most elementary courtesy to the King of Saudi Arabia, another far from dreamy American was talking like an adult of our relationships with those abroad with whom we do not always agree. "We should be on guard against hypocrisy in determining whether or not we will deal with certain nations or their leaders on the basis of morality." The speaker was Henry Ford II, and his audience was the National Automobile Dealers Association.

The experience of the past two decades [Mr. Ford observed] certainly ought to have taught us that there can be few absolutes in international affairs. Yesterday's implacable enemies are today's friends . . . today's heroes are tomorrow's villains. . . . There's no sense in swearing that we will never take up arms in a certain cause or do business with a certain country or system—because tomorrow may make liars of us.

In his attack on "childish" simplifications, Ford ventured to enter even the forbidden territory of Communist China:

Even to suggest that we should help out some of these people or do business with them has been to risk the charge of being soft on Communism. But it appears that our policies have tended to play right into the Kremlin's hands to the extent that they make the satellites more dependent on Moscow. I think we need to be realistic and decide whether our trade-and-aid policies toward such satellite areas as Poland, Hungary, East Germany, and even Red China are really in our own best interests. Maybe the people of Red China are just as anxious to get rid of the yoke of Communism as the Hungarians have demonstrated they were. Shouldn't we give them the chance—or at least some alternative to their present ties with the Kremlin?

This without doubt is the voice of realism. But how

remote it is from the attitude of Assistant Secretary of State Walter Robertson, whose blockade of travel to China by US newsmen implies that there is no need for us to know the facts. It would be interesting to have Mr. Robertson's answer to the question recently raised by commentator Edward P. Morgan: How are we to pursue peace "if we quarantine ourselves, like a maiden among monsters, in a hollow tree?"

The Price of Oil

AT BOTTOM the oil-to-Europe stalemate is a test of strength between the major national companies and a potent group of independent producers in West Texas who control the bulk of US surplus crude oil capacity. To protect their normal markets and prices, the independents have lobbied successfully against increases in domestic oil production, which has forced the depletion of existing inventories to make possible shipments to Europe. The State Department obviously cannot view Europe's post-Suez oil shortage with such business-as-usual singlemindedness; but the independents are not the custodians of our foreign policy, and they would understandably prefer to see the big firms suffer if indeed anyone must. In the resulting impasse US oil stocks have dropped to a level termed close to the danger point, and shipments to Europe dipped to 250,000 barrels daily during the week ending January 17—in contrast to the 500,000 barrels initially promised and 395,000 achieved in the early weeks (NR, Dec. 17).

With no pipeline channels to coastal shipping, the independents depend on inland refineries for their normal market. It is not surprising, therefore, that as their solution to the present impasse the independents propose that leading US crude oil buyers cut down current imports of cheaper Venezuelan and Middle Eastern oil, totalling 1.5 million barrels daily, rerouting at least 800,000 barrels to Europe. This would assure that the domestic crude oil demand—and thus the price level—would remain high. Since the big firms might then need to look for new domestic sources, such a diversion might also conceivably strengthen the independents in their efforts to induce the big firms to build pipelines into the West Texas fields. But whether this would merely exchange one windfall to the major companies for another to the independents appears to be the central issue from the standpoint of the general public.

Sen. Joseph O'Mahoney (D., Wyo.) has opened hearings this week to investigate domestic price increases not only in crude oil but in fuel oil and gasoline, pointing indirectly to possible collusion to fix prices. The 15 major firms comprising the Middle East Emergency Committee have been granted special exemption from the anti-trust laws to expedite shipments to Europe; they will have a lot of explaining to do in showing how prices can prop-

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erly go up and shipments go down at the same time. But whatever Senator O'Mahoney discovers will not alter the basic dilemma in the oil program, which is the Administration's saccarine avowal of reliance on private enterprise, in the shape of the MEEC, and states' rights, embodied in the Texas Railroad Commission, to see that oil gets to Europe.

Nehru in Top Boots

PRIME MINISTER NEHRU's decision to integrate Kashmir into India may at first sight seem a trivial outrage in the aggressions of our time. There will even be those who will get some satisfaction out of it. India's enemies will realize that although Nehru has enlarged his territory without the loss of a single soldier, he has, at one clumsy stroke, created on his borders a foe who can never be placated and will never forget. The cynics, of course, will chuckle anew over the infinite hypocrisy of man, and indeed there are times when Nehru seems a fitting subject for another Voltaire. As for Secretary Dulles, he will, with his infallible insight, draw the right conclusions. He has always equated neutralism with original sin, and Nehru, he will be thinking, has finally proved how right he was.

The rest of us should realize that we now have another trouble spot in the world. It is true that we might be in for even more trouble should a plebiscite be held—to the inevitable accompaniment of a violent upset of the Indian subcontinent's delicate religious balance (60 million Moslems in Pakistan, 40 million Moslems in India)—a danger aggravated by US military aid to Pakistan. It is also true that Kashmir has long been a potential danger and that, despite the honest brokers, India and Pakistan have not only failed to come to an agreement but seem most unlikely to do so. All the same this uneasy situation was not without its comfort. The mere hope that there might eventually be a settlement kept India and Pakistan talking and so put a certain restraint on both of them. Nehru has now taken off the brakes.

Moreover, the great danger of our time is that the irresistible force will blunder helplessly into the immovable object. For this reason there is a sense in which the neutralists, especially so powerful a one as India, were on the side of the angels. In a crisis, when men may turn mad, it is conceivable that they alone might be in a position to exert a restraining influence. Every aggressor since the world began has found it necessary to make sacrifices to the gods, and in the modern world the neutralists had come to be the stand-ins for the moral law. Even the Russians would have found it necessary to consider liberal and uncommitted opinion before embarking on some adventure that might lead to a world war.

By the manner in which he has felt it necessary to act,

Next Week

MARTHA GELLHORN

"You Too Can Be a Pundit"

or

"Political Thinking. Do It Yourself."

Nehru has thus done far more than make the United Nations look foolish and inadequate. By weakening his own moral authority, he has automatically weakened those forces that might, in a crisis, have decisively intervened on the side of settlement without war.

Cleaning House

LAST WEEK's decision of the AFL-CIO Executive Council urging unionists to co-operate with the forthcoming Congressional probe of labor racketeering is a sharp break with union tradition. In the past, labor has opposed government intervention, arguing that it could and should do its own housecleaning. The new decision reflects awareness of the depth of public anger over labor racketeering, especially since the Victor Riesel case. It is also an implicit admission that the big Federation cannot, by itself, clean house.

Racketeering got its toe-hold within labor when unions used strong-arm men to fight company gun thugs. And since then racketeering has grown into a many-sided industry, with roots deeply embedded in the organizational structure of American labor.

During the extended negotiations that preceded the AFL-CIO merger some CIO elements argued for giving the Federation greater authority over its affiliates. Jurisdiction-jealous AFL unionists objected. The resulting constitution heavily stresses the autonomy of the affiliates with limited disciplinary power for the Federation.

True, the Federation possesses the ultimate disciplinary weapon—expulsion—but you don't unite by lopping off parts of the labor body. Furthermore, expulsion may hurt the innocent rank and file more than its corrupt leaders.

Nor is expulsion accomplished by simply pushing a button. The current Teamster tempest is a case in point. "Beck's bad boys" have already given notice that they may not follow the new code of ethics adopted by the Federation. If the AFL-CIO were forced to take the painful step of expelling them, Teamster locals would have to be forcibly ripped out of the Federation's thousand or so state and municipal councils. Some of these, like the Detroit Federation of Labor, are dominated by the Teamsters.

Expulsion also means the loss to the Federation of per capita taxes. With the Teamsters currently the largest single union in the country, on paper, this loss would cut deep into AFL-CIO revenue. In some state and city bodies to which the Teamsters pay dues, it could make the decisive difference. Furthermore, in a strike or organizing drive, support from other unions is often essential: interdependence is the basis for the very existence of the Federation. And herein lies the power of the Teamsters. Since its members function at the point of delivery, trucker support can mean the difference between winning or losing a strike, between signing up new members or losing old ones.

The Teamsters are hardly unaware of this. They have proceeded to solidify their relationships within labor by a series of unilateral alliances with unions like the Meat Cutters, the Retail Clerks, and the Machinists, whose president, ironically, holds the unenviable post of chairman of the Committee on Ethical Practices of the Federation.

Goodbye Giveaway?

FRED SEATON, the likable Secretary of Interior and youngest member of the President's Cabinet at 47, is quietly seeking changes in Administration policies on public power and resources which could take the bloom off the Democrats' "giveaway" issue by 1960.

Conservation groups are unimpressed, contending Mr. Seaton is merely reacting realistically to the issue which caused defeat of his predecessor, Secretary Douglas McKay, and reelection of Wayne Morse in the Oregon Senate race. Nevertheless, changes are underway.

Take, for example, the license application of the International Nickel Company to start large-scale mining operations in the Superior National Forest in Minnesota. This plan was approved by the Interior Department under McKay, despite opposition of wildlife groups, but the license awaited signature when Mr. Seaton took office. After seven months he still has not approved that piece of paper. Other applications for mining rights on national forest lands also lie buried in the pile on Mr. Seaton's desk.

Secretary McKay had ordered disposal of all public lands east of the Mississippi as rapidly as possible. Several public auctions were held each week during his tenure. Mr. Seaton is continuing to sell the public lands, but private buyers no longer get the first chance to bid for them. State and Local governments are encouraged to buy them for recreational purposes at bargain prices, and if they cannot pay now, the federal government will defer payments.

Another McKay policy which permitted the stepping up of private timber cutting on national forest lands is now under review by Seaton; no decision yet.

The public power issue which brought Secretary McKay into greatest conflict with Western political leaders—the Hells Canyon power and flood control project—will also be compromised, if Mr. Seaton has his way. The Federal Power Commission in 1955 licensed the Idaho Company to build three small power dams on the Snake River, replacing a single public dam previously advocated by the Bureau of Reclamation. The three private dams would generate approximately half the electrical potential of the public dam, provide only a third of the flood water storage, and permanently prevent recovery of this power and storage capacity.

Secretary Seaton is now proposing that the third private dam, farthest downstream, be replaced by a larger public dam which would generate one million more kilowatts than the small dam. However, this would restore only 6 percent of the capacity sacrificed when the single high dam plan was abandoned. But the Seaton approach might muddy the issue considerably.

Unmoved, Western conservation groups say they will continue their Supreme Court case to invalidate the license granted to Idaho Power entirely. And Democratic bills introduced in both House and Senate would authorize a return to Hells Canyon High Dam as a public power project.

But signs are that politically ambitious Secretary Seaton, already being mentioned as a Vice-Presidential candidate for 1960, has only begun to fight. The present minor shifts in policy may be the beginning of a trend.

Help, Police!

A LITTLE ZEAL on the part of constituted authorities in the Deep South would have halted weeks ago such waves of violence as followed bus integration in cities like Montgomery, Birmingham and Mobile. It was a simple matter of law enforcement against hoodlums who thought they were operating in an atmosphere of official complacency. These terrorists now find they were mistaken. Public opinion is condemning them and police have been stirred into telling activity.

In Montgomery, on February 1, the police commissioner filed formal charges against six white men for being dynamiters and for shooting into buses; 20 more are under suspicion for taking part in a conspiracy of terrorism.

The *Birmingham Post-Herald* promptly expressed the hope that "the example of their fellow officers in Montgomery will encourage [our police] to redouble their efforts [to track down the bomb-throwers]." And down in Mobile, where the police have done no better about quelling race violence, the chief has now warned that "incidents" will stop or the entire force will go on emergency 12-hour shifts seven days a week.

When the authorities mean business, they can end the reign of terror.

"The Americans Have Betrayed Us!"

by BERNARD E. BROWN

THE *Vélodrome d'Hiver* filled up slowly on the evening of January 10. Pierre Mendès-France was attempting to hold the first mass meeting of a by-election campaign in Paris sector number one made necessary by the death of a Radical deputy. Perhaps two or three thousand people had filtered into the huge auditorium when the program of speeches began. The first orator aroused little enthusiasm and hardly any heckling (the latter an indispensable feature of French political rallies). Then a Radical deputy came to the rostrum and commenced his critique of M. Lacoste's Algerian policy. At that moment, a missile sputtered lazily through the air, landed just in front of the dais, and burst into flames. The speaker disappeared behind a cloud of thick smoke. After a moment of stupefaction, one of the members of the *service d'ordre* leaped to the platform and began stamping out the fire.

At first it appeared that the meeting would proceed, then incendiary and tear-gas bombs began flying from all sides. Columns of irritating smoke criss-crossed the auditorium, forcing most spectators to leave. Mendès-France seized the microphone, and cried out his hurt: "This is how the Republic can collapse when a State knows not how to govern."

The scene that followed was both fantastic and poignantly symbolic of the state of France. Several hundred right-wing partisans formed an attack group in the rear of the hall. Almost leisurely, they piled up broken seats and benches in one great heap. Protected by this barricade, they bombarded the tribune with home-made bombs, debris, bolts and anything else that came handy. The defenders of the Republic, meanwhile, were completely unprepared for non-forensic assault. A diminutive partisan of Mendès, his arms laden with leather truncheons, vainly searched for comrades. A few brave souls chanted "*le fascisme ne passera pas*"—and then scooted out of the hall. A handful of Mendèsistes pounced on an isolated Fascist, just after he had thrown a bomb, and proceeded to beat him enthusiastically about the head.

For the first time in the history of the *Vel d'Hiv* the police entered the hall, forming a protective cordon around the tribune. After the fighting had spent itself, they advanced slowly across the floor, compelling the evacuation of the auditorium. To make the symbolism

almost perfect, a young Mendèsiste deputy, Charles Hernu, led a group of several hundred Radical "militants" to a nationalist meeting in the Latin Quarter, where he intended to gain the speaker's platform. The police, guardians of the public tranquillity, refused to permit the flying wedge to penetrate the hall. Hernu nonetheless managed to force his way inside, only to be thoroughly beaten up and deposited on the sidewalk. The whole evening seemed to catch the spirit of *le drame Français*: a hard-core of right-wing extremists, taking pot shots at the parliamentary regime from behind an impenetrable barricade of historical debris, coupled with a tragic lack of militancy within the non-Communist Left.

Two large meetings took place the following evening, and both made an interesting contrast to the Mendès fiasco. Pierre Poujade spoke before a packed and enthusiastic *Vel d'Hiv*; Claude Bourdet, "neutralist" candidate of the Nouvelle Gauche, held his first and only "mass" meeting in the Latin Quarter. Rumor had it that the extreme nationalists were going to invade and break up the Bourdet rally; indeed the Fascist militia seemed to be disappointed at their failure to administer any physical punishment upon Mendès, and were determined to take their revenge on Bourdet's person. One of my informants from among the Fascists furtively assured me: "*Ce soir le sang va couler!*" However, the youth of the Nouvelle Gauche issued a cordial invitation to their opposite numbers in the Communist camp to join in providing an effective *service d'ordre*. So formidable a group was assembled that the Fascists who succeeded in infiltrating the hall didn't dare create a rumpus.

The dominant note of the campaign was that of an



Poujade



Mendes-France

BERNARD E. BROWN, an American political scientist, is now observing political developments in France.

extreme nationalism—exacerbated by the humiliation of Suez and the running sore of Algeria. Anti-Americanism was the only platform that united, without exception, all 25 candidates. The MRP aspirant sneered at those people who criticize the great work done by France in Algeria—and who cannot make Negro and white children sit together on the same school bench. (Wild applause.) The Communist candidate was convinced that the Suez adventure was inspired by the United States—so that American oil companies could sell gasoline to France at exorbitant prices. The Socialist hopeful echoed Guy Mollet's famous comments on the naïveté and short-sightedness of the Americans. But the most bitter tirades against the United States came from the Center and the Right. Thundered Frédéric Dupont, patron saint of the Left Bank conservatives: "We say to the Americans—you don't understand *anything*. And when you finally understand something—it's always *too late!*" (Frenetic applause.) In North Africa, he continued, "*L'Amérique nous a trahi!*"—at which point a nationalist heckler seated behind me shouted out the catchiest slogan of the campaign: "*La trahison règne partout!*"

THE results of the first ballot held on January 13 revealed several important trends: the Communists slipped badly, the Socialists gained somewhat, the Mendésiste radicals collapsed, and the Independents (extremely conservative and nationalistic) skyrocketed. Bourdet, the candidate of the Nouvelle Gauche, made a surprisingly good showing—receiving about one-fifth as many votes as did the Communist. Poujade claimed a great victory, since he had counselled his followers to abstain—and 41 percent of the eligible voters did.

Under an extraordinarily complicated electoral law, the Third Republic's system of run-off elections ("*ballottage*") has been revived for by-elections only. That is, if no candidate receives an absolute majority of the votes cast on the first ballot, a run-off is held two weeks later, at which time only a plurality is required. Traditionally, candidates of the Right withdraw in favor of the one among them who received the highest vote, and candidates of the Left do the same—so that the second ballot frequently presents the voters with a fairly clear choice between the Left and the Right. Inasmuch as the voting on January 13 gave the Independent, Julien Tardieu, a huge lead over the Communist (102,000 to 62,000), and since several moderate candidates desisted in favor of Tardieu, it was believed that the second ballot would be a mere formality.

Coup de théâtre! Pierre Poujade, the General Boulanger of Saint Céré, announced that he would be a candidate on the second ballot. Poujade's provincial cohorts descended upon Paris and commenced a vigorous door-to-door campaign. Hundreds of thousands of copies of a special issue of *Fraternité Française* ("*la tribune de Pierre Poujade*") were distributed free. Panic stalked the

Independent camp. Would Poujade draw off so many Independent voters as either to enable the Communist to win, or to go over the top himself? A monster Poujade rally was scheduled for the *Vel d'Hiv* three days before the balloting; at least 10,000 militants and curious jammed the hall. A "new" Poujade was unveiled.

The former book seller of Saint Céré appeared in a natty suit, white shirt and tie—instead of his usual open necked sport shirt and sloppy sweater. Why? The Renovator of France explained that he wore an ordinary Sunday suit when he had his celebrated interview with the Holy Father in Rome; and he was wearing the same Sunday suit that night because "you, the people, are sovereign in temporal matters." (Appreciative applause.) In a typically interminable speech, Poujade rewrote the history of the world since 1939 (*e.g.*, that Allied generals chose to land in Italy rather than France in 1943 because they knew they would be bogged down in difficult terrain; it was all part of a gigantic conspiracy to let the Russians occupy Berlin first). But Poujade's main effort was to castigate the Independents, and M. Tardieu in particular. He put them all "in the same sack"—the Communists, the Independents, the Socialists—all supporters of the "*regime*." He directed his fire at the Independents rather than the Communists because, he explained: "Everyone knows that the Reds are agents of Moscow, but not everyone knows that the Independents are agents of Washington!" The public's ignorance is perhaps attributable to the fact that Mm. Tardieu and Frédéric Dupont habitually refer to the United States as either "brainless" or "imbecilic." Poujade's program, one must admit, was explosive. "How many times," he inquired of his audience, "have you wanted to throw a bomb into the Chamber of Deputies?" (Murmurs of yes, yes.) "Elect me—and I will be that bomb!"

THE RETURNS of the balloting on January 27 were mildly surprising. Poujade, the terror of Lot, received only 20,000 votes (6.3 percent of the votes cast, and 15,000 less than was won by his list in the general election last year). The Socialist candidate received 44,000 votes, a considerable gain; the Communist garnered only 72,000 (23 percent of the votes cast, as compared with 26.3 percent a year ago); and the Independent won a whopping 171,000—more than an absolute majority. Out of the turmoil, three important political tendencies could be discerned: (1) *Mendésisme* is now distinctly unpopular; (2) the Communists have suffered a slight setback (the not unexpected consequence of its leadership crisis and the Hungarian Revolution); and (3) Poujadism has had a severe blow (the break-up of Poujade's parliamentary group has already begun). Given the loss of momentum on the part of both Mendés and Poujade, it appears that public opinion has now swung back to about its position before the general elections of January, 1956.

Notes from Warsaw



*In Gomulka's Poland, NR's editor finds an abundance
of criticism, confidence and unanswered questions.*

by GILBERT A. HARRISON

WE WERE DINING at one of Warsaw's two "smart" restaurants, favored only by the favored. "Poland is not only the freest country in Eastern Europe, but in the world!" said the Polish newspaper editor. Was it said to shock? Did he believe it? Eight or nine vodkas had been drunk. Hurrah for Polish pride.

I must look at how much had been done—and in only three months since Gomulka and the "October Men" came to power! The new radio station in Kielce, built with equipment from a dismantled jamming station! (All jamming has stopped; Poles are free to listen to all foreign broadcasts.) Thousands of political prisoners released and rehabilitated! The hated "UB" Secret Police liquidated, or at least reformed! The apparatus of public security reduced by several thousand people! New orders given which forbid spying on the "secret opinions" of workers! Orwell's 1984 being translated into Polish! (Though it is not certain it will be published.)

And in the legal journal *Prawo i Zycie* of January, 1957, there is a poem—

The bloody Communist sons of bitches!
We will plough these kholkhozes,
As far as the Ural mountains, so God help us!

Unless someone whom we trust [Gomulka], should
fail us, damn it
Hell and damnation! What a row that would be!
But no, this is unlikely. And should we . . .
Again fall into that socialism of theirs!?
Then, Marius, for this joking,
They will have to drink the bitter stuff,
The Poznan stuff . . .

The Church

Who won the election? Gomulka. How? By the alliance of the Communists and the Catholics. Cardinal Wyszyński—the Roman Catholic Primate—is as popular as he is astute. Popular not only because Poland is Catholic (churches are open, and used), but because, like Gomulka, he said no to the Stalinists. Astute, too, like Gomulka, because he knows when to stop.

(On election day, newsmen and photographers had been told the Cardinal would vote at such and such a polling place at six in the morning. The press groaned but came. The Cardinal did not. His office then let it be known that he had been called out of Warsaw on emergency business. But would he vote? Oh yes, sometime before 10 that eve-

ning. The press waited. Three hours later the Cardinal's chaplain came to vote. No, he did not know when the Cardinal would appear, or where. The Cardinal had the right to vote in one of several districts. Later that day, the Cardinal ducked into another polling place, voted, and scooted away, having been informed that no journalists were present. He won the game of hide-and-seek. By accident one photographer *was* present and snapped a picture. The following day an official request from the Cardinal, issued through the government, was circulated asking that the picture not be used. The Cardinal had no intention of stealing the spotlight from Mr. Gomulka.)

The Church is back in business. It has regained the right to appoint the clergy (subject, however, to veto by the State); Polish Bishops have been appointed by the Vatican to the Polish territory in the West taken from the Germans; Polish school children are allowed time off during the school day (if parents wish it) for religious instruction—by the priests and on state school property; all priests who had been arrested have been released. Nothing comparable has happened in any other nation in Eastern Europe, not even in Yugoslavia.

Jerzy Zawiejski, an independent Catholic, has just been elected to the Polish parliament as a non-Party candidate. He is not a Socialist; he had nothing to do with the collaborationist organization of Catholics, PAX (now defunct), that had been created as a puppet by the pre-Gomulka Communist regime. To Zawiejski the present glows with promise. And so, with the nightmare behind, he can say, "It is wonderful to be able to breathe again. We must be thankful for what we have now."

Thankful. For although the Kingdom of Freedom has not come, the Polish people have at least reached a way station. And what is the station beyond? Who knows? We shall see, but today the sun is shining.

Zawiejski was tired. He had made many election speeches. He is not young. He had a toothache. Still, he must talk to an American. "Catholics, lay and clergy, not only have had their rights as Catholics restored, but we also share today in everyone's enjoyment of civil liberties. We write, we organize," (but not politically, for he doesn't believe in a Catholic Party).

For Zawiejski, the greatest achievement of the "October Revolution" (the *Polish* one), was "democratization." Will it lead to genuine competition between independent political parties? A smile, a shrug. Perhaps . . . sometime. But sufficient unto the day is the good thereof.

(I later walk down the street with a Pole who before the war owned and managed a small nail factory. Now the government wishes him to take it back, but he is unwilling to do it. Across the way is a large-domed building. "You see, the cross is back on the top." It is Warsaw's principal Protestant church, shut down by the government several years ago. There were plans for turning it into a public hall. Nothing happened. It has just been reopened as a church).

How Much Freedom?

And what can be written in Poland? That isn't the question. It is what can be published. The area of the possible has been enlarged. In the arts one senses the greatest freedom and experimentation. Here the pendulum has swung the full arc. From socialist realism to Paul Klee; from banal street scenes to Maillol nudes reproduced in a newspaper. A new literary magazine is planned. The search for foreign books to translate is energetic. (Joyce, Aldous Huxley, Dylan Thomas, Steinbeck are now available; George Bernard Shaw is a hit.) They are only beginning to get around to the Americans—Faulkner instead of Fast.

"We know almost nothing of your American poets," says Adam Wazyk. Wazyk is one of Poland's best-known poets—a man now past middle age. When the Germans attacked he went to Russia ("I was a Communist sympathizer"), later joining the Polish liberation army formed in the Soviet Union, and with the army returning to what was left of Warsaw. In 1955 he published a poem which fired the young—

There are Polish apples unobtainable by Polish children, there are children scorned by criminal doctors, there are boys taught to lie, there are girls taught to lie. . . . There are people who are robbed in the streets by thugs, for whom legal definitions are sought, there are people waiting for papers, there are people waiting for justice, there are people who have been waiting for a long time. . . .

Wazyk lives well, by Polish standards. As an intellectual and important man of letters he has a roomy apartment—for Warsaw with its severe housing shortage. (87 percent of the city was destroyed.) He earns his living not by poetry but by translating.

The younger writers? It is too early to tell. One is always led back to that: wait—and work. Some of the younger Polish poets, Wazyk observes, now write in a highly personal philosophic style, no worker-meets-girl, worker-gets-lecture, state-gets-production. Good books can be published if one finds a willing publisher, who is, of course, state financed. ("But then someone must put up the money, and we have no capitalists.")

Censorship of books continues, but the hand of authority is gentler. "My book has just been published, though when it was first written, it was not acceptable." Naturally, if a writer chooses to criticize the basic assumptions of present Polish society—*i.e.*, socialism—such criticism would be considered "unconstitutional" (subversive), and the censor's authorization would be denied.

(I ask a Polish journalist what would happen to him were he to publish abroad a critical article such as that written by Djilas in Yugoslavia. Would he be jailed? "No, no! No one is jailed. Not at this moment!")

So there is censorship. Still, the writers association, of which Wazyk is a member, has stated publicly that cen-

sorship of every kind should be abolished—to which Wazyk agrees. And that day may come. Meanwhile, “we are working in the circumstances under which we live.” Freedom is limited by necessity; and the appreciation of necessity is called “political realism.” Gomulka said this of the young: “They should keep their ardor in the search for roads leading to the improvement of our present reality. . . . One can always forgive young people many things. But life forgives no one, even youth, for thoughtless acts.” Thoughtless acts are those undisciplined by an awareness of the national interest.

(The night after the elections, a musical revue opened in Warsaw. All the skits were written around 1900 and have played to appreciative audiences ever since. It’s a Warsaw tradition; it is fun because it is familiar. Neither the set nor the costumes have changed. But in one skit—“The Lady Who Knows Everything”—the blackout line is wholly 1957. The Lady in the skit stands before a dozen people on the stage. They ask her a variety of questions: “Will I marry the handsome young man,” or, “How can I keep my husband home at nights?” Each she answers promptly until the last one: “Which is better, the dollar or the ruble?” There is silence. Blackout. The Lady vanishes. End of skit. Some questions cannot be answered—ought not even be asked.)

The Scholar

One of the liveliest human beings I have ever seen is Professor X. He is like a hundred-yard dash man one second before the gun goes off. He and his wife live in a less-privileged apartment than Wazyk—smaller, farther out. There are hundreds of books—in five languages. There is coffee and pastry—and in two-and-one-half hours he has taken only one bite of the cake. Did he forget it was there? So much to say. His position in a Polish University was abolished about four years ago. He was fired—but kept on the payroll. He was recently reinstated. After his return to work, he talked with a member of the Party’s Central Committee who had been influential in having him fired. “Well, you see,” said the Party official, “we didn’t behave as the Russians do, did we? You had your salary; we kept our intellectuals alive.”

The years away from work were bad, but he always kept in touch with a small group of his students. Today there are many such student groups. Talking, talking, talking. And what do they discuss? Well, one thing—for example: the new proposals for workers’ councils in the factories. (On November 19, 1956, the government adopted a law—one article of which states that “the workers’ council shall administer on behalf of the workers the enterprise which is national property.”) “Now the question arises: whom will the council represent? Only the workers? Or the community? If, for example, it is decided by the workers and/or management that a factory can produce more profitably with fewer workers,



Cardinal Wyszyński

should the workers’ council authorize the firing of their fellow-workers?” Questions, ideas have come back with a rush. The spillways are open—and still the river breaks over the dam and over the old banks.

“In those years outside I was free, but what a freedom! I had no responsibilities, but no work either. Now! How much *work* there is to do—and not only that, it is not only that I am back at work, that we can speak freely (even with an American!) but that we feel *responsible*—we are needed! Right now, at the University we are preparing a new syllabus of study; it’s exciting to know that what we decide will influence students for years to come.”

(He tells of a science professor recently returned to Warsaw from a trip to Bulgaria and Vienna, a man who is not and never had been a Party member—“never even left-wing.” On his return, the professor told his colleagues: “Vienna is bourgeois—the scholars are careful not to antagonize, particularly not to antagonize the Church. And as for Sofia, they were shocked at my talk. ‘How can you speak so openly and independently about Marxism and Leninism,’ they wondered!”)

The Party

“The Polish Workers’ Party and the National Council which was created on its initiative, may not have had at the time [the end of the war] the support of the majority of the population, the majority of the nation, but they had something which is more important than a majority—they were politically right”—Wladyslaw Gomulka, January 14, 1957.

Mr. Gomulka was not invited to take power last Octo-



Election Poster: Vote for the top candidates.
Cast your ballot without crossing out names—Gomulka.

ber in order to preside over the liquidation of the Communist Party. Even if that were his personal intention (it is not), the internal conditions of political life and Polish geography would stand in the way. One finds little belief, even among non-Party people, that a truly multi-party system is possible in the near future, or that competitive and independent parties are desirable at this stage. The emigré politicians say otherwise, but who are they to say—"those who preach from afar." There is no going back. And to what could the Poles return? To parties as they were in 1938? Before the occupation—both German and Stalinist?

The general question of political democratization thus comes down to the concrete question: How much democracy will the United Workers Party (Communist) allow? For, barring war, it will make the important decisions for some time to come. Many internal reforms have already occurred in the interest of Party democratization (or, as stated by one Pole, "control by the file and rank")—others are promised. Those in the Party who see in the October changes a "new path for Polish Socialism" are counting on at least four things they are confident can prevent a return to Stalinist bureaucracy. First, there is the Parliament, with a majority pledged to the Gomulka program but free nevertheless to debate and to criticize. Where the old Parliament (the *Sejm*) rubber-stamped, this Parliament, they insist, will make the laws. "The elevation of the role of the *Sejm*," says Gomulka, "to that of the supreme organ of State power will probably be of the greatest importance in our democratization program." And this implies also a revised interpretation of the role of the Communist Party itself—a Party that divorces itself from the administration of national affairs, and confines itself to what the youngest member of the new Parliament calls "the formulation of programs." In other words, moral and ideological leadership—"after which the nation will de-

cide if that program is to be realized or not. The Party is not going to be the last word. That will be the *Sejm's*."

This separation of powers has begun—most notably in new authority given the Ministry of Justice. Previously there were, in fact, two ministries: that of the government, and that of the Party—with its spies, its Secret Police, its prosecutors. The latter is being abolished, and one of Gomulka's pledges is "socialist legality"—which means nothing more than justice administered by legal agents of the government rather than agents of the Communist Party. No person has been jailed for political activities since Gomulka came in.

But although criticism and free discussion are promised within the Party, "democratic centralism" has not been jettisoned. For, explains a Party member, can you have any Party unless you have Party discipline? "If you don't agree with decisions that are finally taken after full debate, you are, after all, free to leave the Party. And Party unity, as we now see it, is not monolithic except on basic questions. There will be many questions upon which Communists may differ in the *Sejm*."

Then, too, those close to Gomulka are confident that by keeping open the channels of discussion *outside* the Party, the guardians of the peoples' welfare (the Party) will themselves be guarded. During the Stalinist days, the Party lost touch with the masses; for the masses could not be heard. But from now on, they insist, what the people want will be known.

A free and functioning legislature—curtailed authority of the Communist Party—free discussion among the people—these are the aims put forth by the Gomulkaists. And they add, finally, the Workers' Councils. For here, they say, the workers themselves will make decisions. Democracy from the bottom. Exactly how the Councils are to operate is a matter of debate—and the debate is hot.

What Gomulka Wants

Gomulka has got his vote of confidence (for the January 20 balloting was a referendum on "The October Men" and not an election as we understand the term in multi-parties democracies). Now, where will Gomulka go—assuming his health permits him to go forward?

"Our party," he said on January 14, "not only knows what it does *not* want [*i.e.* capitalism or Stalinism] but knows full well what it wants." That statement, it seems to me, is only partly true. More is unsettled than settled. Even Gomulka's outline of the positive goals of the "October Men" is more distinguished for its idealistic generality than its concreteness:

We want to transform and are transforming the old ways of life. We want to abolish and are abolishing all exploitation of man by man. We want to develop and are developing science, education and culture. We

want to liquidate and are liquidating the centuries-old economic backwardness of our country. We want to raise and are raising Poland to its due place among the free nations of the world.

But the vagueness of so much of the present political rhetoric is not itself a discredit. This regime has, after all, merely begun its re-examination. Gomulka has had the practical responsibility of governing for only one-third of a year, and responsibility endorsed by the voters for less than a month. Furthermore the fact that Poland is encircled by Soviet military power and that Russians are still stationed on Polish territory (though "temporarily" and by agreement) is never forgotten. There is a certain security in generalities; they permit maneuver.

We want, Gomulka and his supporters say, three things: "Sovereignty, [*i.e.* independence], democratization and economic progress" [*i.e.* socialist efficiency.] What is meant by "independence?"

"We know well," Gomulka said on January 14, "that alone we are incapable of defending our frontiers, just as, abandoned by Great Britain and France, we were unable to defend them in 1939." The German danger is still real to Poles, and it is the Soviet Union and Communist East Germany (and Communist China) which support Poland's right to retain former German territory along the Oder-Neisse, while it is the West Germans backed by the United States (they say) which do not. Nor are the Poles unmindful that any policy which denies a continuing community of interest between Russia and Poland runs the great risk of precipitating Russian military intervention, as in Hungary. All things are relative, someone has said, except relatives—and they're constant. Here, the Russian relation is constant.

"The Soviet Union," says Gomulka, "constitutes a power whose immensity nips in the bud the aggressive intentions of would-be aggressors." (And could nip in the bud as well any anti-Soviet blooms along its borders).

But the relative dependence of small powers (however independent they are or may wish to be) on the Big Power next door is only part of the story. For there is also, and Gomulka speaks of it often, "the solidarity of the Socialist commonwealth."

"The October turning point," proclaimed the National Unity Front (the Gomulka political alliance) last December, "consolidated our sovereignty, raised our prestige in the world and made it possible to arrange the friendly alliance with the Soviet Union on principles of full equality, respect for territorial integrity, independence and non-interference in internal affairs." By implication, the "alliance" which was in effect prior to October was something other than "friendly."

"And what happens when international Socialist solidarity collides with Polish national interest?" I asked a Gomulka supporter. "Then," he replied with a smile, "something gives way."

(To illustrate, Polish coal deliveries to East Germany

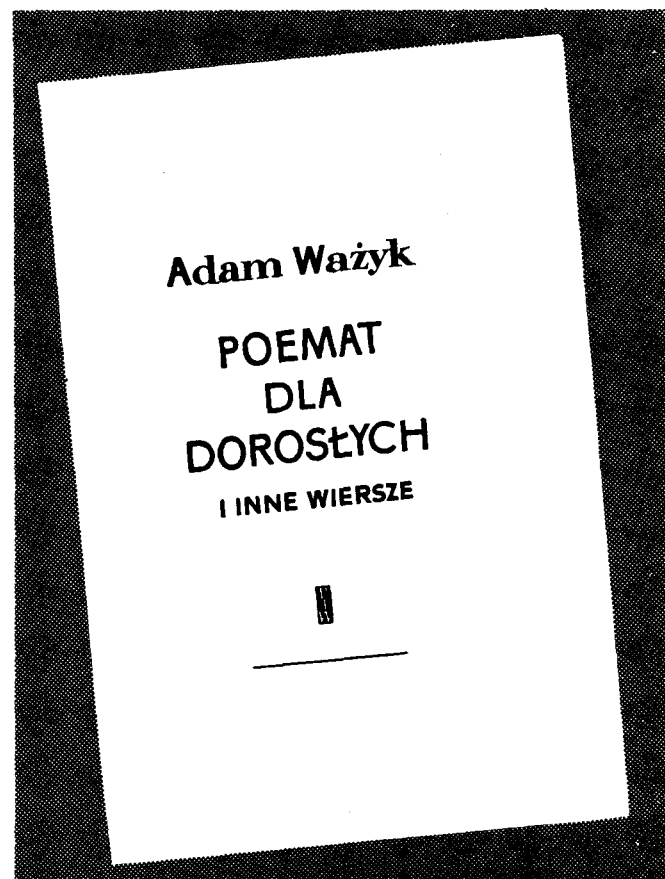
have been curtailed. "The East Germans are *furious*," a Pole said with delight. And why were they curtailed? Because coal is a major source of Polish foreign credit; why sell to the East Germans if you can get a better price and get paid with goods or money of more value to you by selling elsewhere—such as to Finland? Solidarity forever—but not at the expense of Poland!)

What Do You Mean?

We pin things down when they're dead. "It is useless," a diplomat in Warsaw commented, "to debate over categories. What is Gomulka? A Titoist? A Social Democrat? Gomulka is a Pole leading a country peculiarly and dangerously situated. He has been in jail and learned from it. If you mean by Communism lies and terror, that will not be Gomulka's or Poland's way."

Categories cannot contain the facts about this moment of transition. Words themselves are under review. As far back as October 1 of last year *Nowa Kultura* was asking: "What is the present meaning of the vague slogan 'proletarians of all lands'?" It then says, "it is more than doubtful if [the Australian proletarians] want to unite with the proletarians of Poland. In Australia the minimum wage is so high that it even affects the workers' willingness to raise their standard of living."

Of course, one still finds in the press references to



Poems of Adam Wazyk, recently published in Warsaw.

"the imperialist camp," "revanchists" and "revisionists" and "agitators with the cloven hoof"; a Party speaker is "welcomed warmly, sincerely . . . hectic applause . . . stormy applause of the workers." But the life has gone out of the lingo. And Gomulka himself has an expository, rather than declamatory style. "His is not the language," observes one Pole, "of the revolutionary orator, with which Poles are surfeited; rather he seeks to model himself on the simple, practical directness of Lenin." Gomulka has noted the moribund quality of past discourse. And in a reference to the 20th Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, he spoke of "silent, enslaved minds" that began to "shake off the poison of mendacity, falsehood and hypocrisy. The stiff clichés previously predominant on Party platforms and at public meetings, as well as in the press, began to give place to creative, living words."

The contrast between the "Gomulka-style" and the "Pravda-style" is illustrated by Gomulka's comment on Poznan:

I am convinced that the Poznan workers would not have gone on strike, that they would not have demonstrated in the streets, that no men would have been found among them who even resorted to arms, that our fraternal, workers' blood would not have been shed there had the Party, that is the leadership of the Party, presented the whole truth to them . . . it was

necessary to tell them the truth about the past and the present. There is no escaping from truth.

In every-day conversation of Polish Communists strange words bob up, alien surely to Marxist orthodoxy. I asked one journalist whether, since October, he has been free to write what he thinks in his paper. "Yes." Pause. "Absolutely." Pause. "I am free to write whatever is in harmony with my conscience." (*Conscience*, not *consciousness*.) "And," he continued, "my conscience tells me Gomulka is right."

Let us test out the reliability of language on one subject, anti-Semitism. "No," says a well-informed Pole, "you have been misinformed. There is no anti-Semitism in Poland today." What can he mean? That morning I saw an anti-Semitic leaflet which was being circulated. "Ah, that, that is the work of hostile elements who wish to embarrass Gomulka." But this must mean, I insist, that there is an audience for an anti-Semitic appeal. "Well, no. There is no anti-Semitism. Anti-Semitism was greatest in the villages where Jews were shopkeepers and traders. But the Jews are no longer there! So how can there be anti-Semitism?"

(The generally accepted figure is that out of Poland's pre-war population of more than 3 million Jews, only about 65,000 remain, and of those who remain many will manage to get to Israel.)

"But I will tell you," my informant goes on, "there are reasons why Poles are angry with Jews. It is because they are buying gold and dollars blackmarket." (It did not seem fair at this point to remind him that a few moments earlier he had advised me to buy my Polish currency on the blackmarket). "And also because Jews held many high positions in the hated Polish secret police and also throughout the government during the Stalin years, positions to which they were not entitled by competence."

And how, I wonder, did Jews obtain these positions? A wave of the hand. "Connections." Yes, adds a friend, there is no anti-Semitism, "it is all a Jewish complex."

It's a question of meaning. They were not lying, but we weren't talking about the same thing. And slowly I understood that anti-Semitism means beating Jews over the head with a stick. And that is not now tolerated in Poland; so there can be no anti-Semitism. And, in a like way, one may not speak of "coercion" being used during the election, because there were no threats of reprisals, no force. No one was beaten over the head. The election, therefore, was "free."

(A man was talking to a writer friend. The friend remarked that there were quite a few writers on his paper who never write but remain on the payroll. "And why don't they write?" he was asked. "Because we have too many writers and not enough space." Then why don't you let some of them go? "We can't do that! This is a Socialist state. And under Socialism there is no unemployment.")



Front page of *Po Prostu* on election day

The Youth

The "October Revolution" did not begin in October. It was preceded by a year and a half of gradual change. But in October the cork popped, and during those critical days while Gomulka was meeting the Russian leaders who had flown to Warsaw, it was the students who pressured most powerfully for reform. To the credit of Gomulka, the pressures were channeled—instead of being bottled up. I was told by an American who was living in Warsaw during those anxious October days of joining a band of excited young Poles as they marched down the street towards the Soviet Embassy, chanting "Rokossowski, back to Moscow" (a Polish modernization of "Ami, go home"). As they passed a troop of Polish militia, they waved gaily. At that moment, a militia officer shouted an order; the troops began to run with fixed bayonets, seemingly toward the marchers. The American was knocked down by a soldier, but instantly picked up and put back on his feet. But the soldiers were not after the marchers. They raced ahead of the students toward the Soviet Embassy, and there the militia formed a line in front of the entrance. When the demonstrators arrived, there were discussions; they were urged to move along down another street; they did.

It is said that the newspaper *Po Prostu* ("Plain-speaking") "made" October. It is a "youth paper"—although professional. Copies of the paper are always sold out. *Po Prostu* was in the vanguard of the demand for change. And most of its staff are in their 20's. How did this happen? For a Pole who is 20 years old today was born as war broke out. All he has personally experienced is war and the Nazi occupation, followed by 11 years of tight Communist control. Where did young Poles pick up dangerous notions about "democratization" and "independence"?

"That is a question we older Poles have often asked ourselves during recent months," a teacher at Warsaw University told me. "Up until a year and a half ago, we said of our youth that they were completely indifferent, disillusioned with Stalinist dogmas, but no more. And then, 18 months ago, there began to be some questioning in *Po Prostu*—petty criticism, it did not go far. But then more fundamental questions began to be asked. The indifference disappeared, as did the triviality, and we saw that under the thin layer of indifference there was a large body of young people who were determined to work for a better life for Poland."

Why? Family inheritance? (The parents had longer memories.) National character? ("Poles did not like this slavish imitation—they spit it out.")

There was something else too. "They read Marx and Lenin and compared what they read with what they saw. What they saw was not what they read."

I went to see the young editor of *Po Prostu*. He left a staff meeting and came into his small, badly lit office.

The pale intensity, the horn-rimmed glasses. He looked like a *Time* writer who quit after six months. Unmistakably an intellectual—and an idealist. For him, Gomulka's victory at the polls means that the Communist Party has again become the leading force in society. (An echo of Gomulka's view: "The credit of confidence can be continuously renewed only on the condition that obligations toward those giving the credit are fulfilled.") "In the future," *Po Prostu* editor Lasota assumes, "it won't be necessary to have another October, because of what we did last October."

Lasota was fired from his job twice during the past 18 months. Now, with his election to Parliament, his position seems secure—or as secure as anything at this time in Poland. *Po Prostu* remains "skeptical of dogmatism"—though not of "the fundamentals of socialism." ("I," Lasota emphasizes, "am a firm Communist.") He is confident the injustices of the past can never return. His life is politics. No time for relaxation, though the election is over. "No, now is the hard job, now we go to work."

The Election

Some days earlier, I had attended an election meeting in Warsaw which candidate Lasota was scheduled to address. It was held in the auditorium of the agricultural school. Most of the audience were students. It was cold. I was late. (Taxis are temperamental in Warsaw. One ride ended by my joining the driver and a pedestrian in pushing the taxi off the middle of the street). But the election meeting was late also. The chairman and the speakers sat before us, securely wrapped, as we were, in overcoats. Lasota's delivery was academic. ("I want to make three points. First, second, etc.). He is a favorite of the students. And then came the question period. The "question period" in Poland (so I was told and personal experience confirms the tale) is the period when the audience makes speeches. Nothing is asked and nothing is answered. And then a remarkable thing happened. An elderly man came forward and began to talk.

"Since 1905 I have observed public affairs. I was imprisoned under the Czar. But the last 12 years in Poland were the worst, for they were 12 years of lies. I am happy to have lived to hear the truth again spoken in Poland—by Gomulka!" Applause. Far more than for the candidate's speech.

"Programs do not matter. What matters is morality—justice in public life." More applause. The speaker turned to Lasota. "You, sir, you edit a newspaper, and in your paper I read a harsh indictment of the misdeeds of the Assistant Minister for Foreign Trade. But that man still has his job! Why? Was your story in *Po Prostu* wrong? And if not, why has nothing been done?"

And why are Berman and others of the Beria past still free? It is not enough that those in prison are freed. Those who put them there should be punished." Great applause.

He talked for 20 minutes—citing chapter and verse. ("This takes courage," my interpreter said. "Even now?" "Yes.")

I knew a peasant [the old man went on] who would not join the co-operative. They urged him; they made life miserable for him; still he would not. They took him to jail. Finally he joined.

I knew another peasant, young, newly married. Shortly after Stalin's death, he made a joke about Stalin. He was imprisoned. Three months later, his body was returned to his wife. They told her he had hanged himself. I wanted to publish this story, but they told me I would bring harm to my family—and to myself. I didn't. Our task is to change the atmosphere. Morality is what matters.

After an hour and a half of such "questions" from the floor the chairman said perhaps the time had come for the candidate to answer written questions that had been sent up. "No!" shouted the audience. And so the audience went on talking, and I left.

"Don't Cross Out Names"

The night before the election Gomulka had made a dramatic appeal to the nation: "To cross out the candidates of our Party means to cross out the independence of our country, to cross out Poland from the map of Europe." So although there were more names on each ballot than could be elected, the entire propaganda machinery of Poland—non-Communist as well as Communist—centered its fire during the last days on one target: don't cross out names! And about 80 percent of the Poles, accepting this advice, dropped their ballots unmarked into the boxes and thus automatically elected the top two-thirds of the names listed on the ballots. The choice on January 20 was not Communism vs. no-Communism. But everyone knew that. Just as they know that these are not real alternatives for Poland. Not now.

In each polling place I visited on election day (three in Warsaw, three outside) there was at least one curtained polling booth—unused by a large majority of voters. Nor were voters instructed to use the booth, or even advised of its presence, except very occasionally. There was no party designation of candidates on the ballot (though three parties, united in the National Front, had candidates—and there were candidates belonging to no parties as well). Nor was there any information on party affiliation of candidates available in the polling places. The Church had announced that it would "arrange religious services on next Sunday in

such a way as to enable the Catholics to fulfill both their religious duties . . . and take part in the elections." Collaboration between Church and State was total. In one village, the election official—a young school teacher and a Party member—assured me the local priest had been most co-operative. "He called on me and asked if I would object to his having a wedding at the church on election day. Of course I told him I had no objection."

(A sound truck moves through the village: "In the name of Socialist youth, don't cross out names. Vote for October and against reactionary Stalinists and Beriaism.")

As we started on our tour of polling places—armed with official credentials by the Foreign Ministry, though we were asked to show them only once—our Polish interpreter, a student, proudly announced that he had already voted and *he* had not used the secret polling booth. What, we cried, you too? He was confused by our thinking he had not done the right thing. "Why should I do it in secret?" he said. "I crossed out a name in front of everyone." "And why did you do that?" "Because that candidate is a swine." "But don't you understand the importance of the secret ballot?" "No." He was unhappy. "Why should I not mark my ballot publicly? They won't jail me." And an hour later: "When I voted, I saw nobody using the booth, so I was ashamed to use it." (But as we later watched those who did use "the curtain"—one-fifth of the voters, on an average—it did not seem to us that any were afraid—or even embarrassed to register their choices in private.)

When we commented at one polling place on the fact that many voters didn't seem to know "the curtain" was there, the official replied: "It is the free will of the citizen *not* to use the curtain." Another said it more cynically: "Of course many of them are like geese; each follows the one before."

Yet it was a "free election," freer than before. "Someone called at my apartment yesterday," a voter told me, "and she asked me why I had not gone down and checked my name on the election list. I told her it was none of her business, and she apologized, said she was only doing her duty, and she left. But there it is: more pressure. Still . . . I don't mind. It is much better."

Several days before the election, a candidate's name was struck off the ballot. He was a former prime minister. But in pre-electoral speeches, Osobka-Morawski "had attempted to make a certain selection among Party members, grouping them into Socialists and Communists. Activity aimed at wrecking the unity of the Party is always destructive and particularly dangerous in the present period of such significance to our country." So explained the Party paper—*Trybuna Ludu*. What this meant was: Osobka-Morawski had been playing politics—and not Gomulka politics.

(To be concluded next week)

BOOKS & COMMENT

The Great American Spelling-Bee

by Fremont Kutnewsky

AMERICANS are notoriously inadequate spellers. And little wonder. We have eight sounds for the letter "a," eight for "e," seven for "i," twelve for "o," nine for "u" and three for "y." Also, we nourish a large area of individual choice in the spelling of every-day work-horse words.

A Gallup poll taken in the summer of 1956 indicated that only one out of four adults can spell "penitentiary." Of ten common words (magazine, sandwich, calamity, deceive, kerosene, cauliflower, parallel, accelerator, picnicking, penitentiary) the persons polled got only 49 percent correct.

It's bad enough to have to learn a lot of words that are not spelled the way they sound, but I get particularly tired of having to decide between two or more permitted ways to spell such pairs as "employe-employee," "gauge-gage," "fiber-fibre," "aeon-eon" and "program-programme."

Each of these and several hundred more words have their adherents among educators, editors, publishers and perfection-bent business men. You want what you write to be read with a minimum of road blocks that make the reader hesitate and think about something else even for a thousandth of a second. So as you write you have to consider the probable preferences of your intended reader or readers, as well as, in some cases, the editorial prejudices through which your work must pass.

A tremendous quickening of pace in English writing has taken place since 1900 as the era of electricity, machines and mass production has invaded and revolutionized our lives. Today's journalism, for example, backed by a profusion of photography, is as far ahead of that of the 1890's in speed and facility as the tractor is ahead of the horse and the mule.

A certain amount of spelling reform is overdue in this country, if only to bring the human element in communication up to par with the scientific ap-

proach that is so evident in mechanical operations.

You can't solve the discrepancies in word forms found here and there in newspapers and periodicals by going to your dictionary. It may give first place to one or the other spelling, according to the date of its publication, but in case of argument or indecision it doesn't draw the line. It allows alternatives. Language is a living thing. Preferred forms and usages change, and editors and publishers bear the brunt of the confusion. Each has to take a stand and set the standards for his own bailiwick. He may lean on his personal word-loyalties, or base his decisions on what he thinks the majority of readers think is correct.

The editor may not be a rock-bound purist, but just to be consistent he must establish rules. In his particular realm of publication it shall be either "catalogue" or "catalog;" "mediaeval" or "medieval;" "glamour" or "glamor;" "anaesthetic" or "anesthetic;" "plough" or "plow."

AMERICANS, from the first, have been slow to change the spellings of words. Many of the simplifications that we now take for granted were originally proposed by Noah Webster whose name has become a synonym for "dictionary" itself. He aroused much controversy and stubborn resistance to change. During the 19th Century, as public education spread out in this country, "Webster" became the law as to the spellings and meanings of words. But around 1900, in an atmosphere of intellectual and scientific upheaval, spelling reform had a new burst of life.

Behind the movement were eminent scholars, educators and publishers. Simplifications, they held, would make for better communication and faster learning by children in school. The National Education Association took a hand, issuing a list of simpler spellings that were deemed practical. Then into action came a newly re-organized "Sim-

plified Spelling Board," a private organization financed principally by Andrew Carnegie.

Neither of these groups, however, was making much progress when, in 1906, President Theodore Roosevelt became interested. Characteristically, he took steps. He sent a list of 300 reformed spellings to the Public Printer in Washington and ordered him to adopt them in all public printing.

Whatever the energetic Teddy did was not only news but usually controversial. In this case he aroused a hornet's nest of protest and countermanning action in the Congress itself. Not only Congress, but the nation's press also reacted with outraged conservatism. Cartoonists and gag writers from coast to coast lampooned the President as a modern Don Quixote jousting with the Dictionary. He was lambasted in editorials as a dictator who would be king. Teddy gave up gracefully and countermanded his order to the Public Printer. But he kept on using simplified spelling himself, and the *Literary Digest* magazine, to which he frequently contributed, went along with him.

THE changes were sound and sensible: the "u" was to be dropped from the words like parlor, honor, labor, rumor, color, odor. "Axe" was to lose its final "e." French words ending in "re" would go over to "er" as in "theater, saber, accouter." "Cheque" would be "check." "Gaol" would be "jail." "Waggon" would be "wagon." "Drachm" would be "dram," and so on. The reform movement was hurt by the more conspicuous mayhem involved in changing "kissed" to "kist," "blessed" to "blest," "blushed" to "blusht," and on into such abhorrences as "dropt," "dasht," "droopt," "clipt" and "lopt." Reformers usually go to extremes.

The attempted elimination of the diphthong "ph" in favor of "f" also had hard sledding. Even today we must have our "photographer" and our "sophomore" intact, with the "ph" straight from the Greek as transliterated by medieval savants. Science, less literally hide-bound, has gone in for the "f" in "sulfur," "sulfide," etc.

Friends of spelling reform said that Teddy had set the movement back by a generation or two, and apparently they were right. We still witness such conflicting policy patterns as the *New York Times* using the modern "medieval"

while retaining the old "theatre." Sentiment often guides where reason fails.

And, as H. L. Mencken comments in his *American Language*, Supplement II:

To Americans, phonetic spelling always suggests the grotesqueries of the comic writers stretching from Seba Smith to Milt Gross, and by the further fact that popular interest in and respect for spelling prowess fostered for more than a century by the peculiarly American institution of the spelling-bee, still survive more or less.

In its heyday, the Simplified Spelling Board claimed that 556 newspapers and other periodicals with a combined circulation of 18 million were using twelve words recommended by the National Education Association (tho, altho, thru, thruout, thoro, thoroly, thorofare, program, prolog, catalog, pedagog and decalog); most of its own 300 recommended simpler spellings (Teddy's downfall), and that 460 universities at least condoned their use. Proponents of reform estimated that simplified spelling would save one sixth of all reading matter and reduce the size of the Encyclopaedia Britannica from 24 volumes to 20. Newspapers, they asserted, would save one column per page; schools would save \$350 million a year on printed matter as well as wear and tear on the students.

Everyone who writes or who publishes the writings of others would stand to gain by some degree of standardization, and it wouldn't be too much of an undertaking at this time. Dictionaries already allow second and third choices, and change with the times. Scientific research has conditioned us to the prompt acceptance of new concepts.

BUT who wants to go it alone? *The Chicago Tribune* presents the sad spectacle of one publication that tried. In 1934, *The Tribune* stirred life into the dead controversy of 1906 by introducing its own list of simplifications. These included such words as fantom, harken, balif, burocracy, herse, hefer, lether, rifraf, yern.

For five years *The Tribune* held the fort, then cancelled out some of the more alarming and difficult of its changes—including agast, analog, bagatel, burocracy, cotilion, definitely, demagog, genuinly, sherif, terif, trafic and warant.

In 1946 the following were added to

the trial-and-error department: "frate, telegraf, geografy." *The Tribune* declared that it would maintain "tho, thru, altho" because they "had passed the acid test" and were holding their own in usage.

But finally, in 1955, *The Tribune* took another backward step. Children, it said, were being confused by seeing words spelled in different ways. The paper would return to conventional spellings of bailiff, plaintiff, tariff, sheriff, solder and advertisement. It also restored the "ph" to photograph, sophomore, etc.

English is the language of commerce the world around and 200 million people speak it as their native tongue, and it is

in our own interest to remove certain awkward inconsistencies in our spelling of words. As a matter of fact it wouldn't be as difficult to move toward standardization in spelling, as industry has in machine parts, if we could get some authority to referee the business and make reasonable recommendations.

Until such time as we can have some central authority, acceptable to the nation's press and publishers, and smooth out the ruffles of conflicting spellings that bother most of us, we shall no doubt continue to be a nation where all of the people spell correctly some of the time, and some of the people spell correctly most of the time, but nobody can spell correctly all of the time.

The Crab-Grass Roots of Suburbia

by Anthony Winthrop, Jr.

THE Edwardian waistcoat has made a fine come-back; the middy-blouse in various cuts has reappeared in women's beachwear; W. H. Auden has given a reassuring pat on the back to Tennyson; and I suspect that T. Robsjohn-Gibbing is waiting for just the

The Crack in the Picture Window, by John Keats (Houghton Mifflin; \$3).

right cue to reintroduce the antimacassar. To invert J. R. Lowell a trifle, time makes ancient *faux* seem couth.

Yet it must surely give writers of the Twenties who fled the sticks for the big city a certain wry amusement to discover now a generation looking back upon "that old house on Elm Street" as a haven of warm spacious family living, set in a neighborhood of rich creative relationships.

John Keats, an ex-newspaperman and ex-suburbanite, concedes that the Elm Street residence may have been "difficult to heat and hard to clean." But he sighs nostalgically that

... it did have space. It sheltered three generations of a family; granted privacy to age, play space to youth, offered hospitality to guests and—in sum—satisfied the needs of every person dwelling therein.

By contrast, Keats sees with a shudder

... whole square miles of identical

boxes are spreading like gangrene throughout New England, across the Denver prairie, around Los Angeles, Chicago, Washington, New York, Miami—everywhere.

Each of these boxes, he observes, is set

... on a cold concrete slab containing two bedrooms, bath, and an eating space the size of a broom closet tucked between the living room and the tiny kitchen.

These individual machines-for-living are, he believes, sorry enough in themselves, but the fact that they occur in infinite duplication raises him to a pitch of far-from-wordless fury. Post-war housing developments, to Mr. Keats, have been

... conceived in error, nurtured by greed, corroding everything they touch. They destroy established cities and trade patterns, pose dangerous problems for the areas they invade, and actually drive mad myriads of housewives shut up in them.

He is quite explicit about the cause-and-effect of this sort of housing:

It is true that the dwelling shapes the dweller. When all dwellings are the same shape, all dwellers are squeezed into the same shape.

And this shape is not nice. The women are frazzled nags, conversationally stimulated only by three topics (toilet train-

ing, *My Jerk of a Husband*, and *The Boy I Almost Married*), and inwardly resentful of having to function as a matriarchy by default. The defaulters are their spouses, commuters who see less and less of their children, dodge all possible responsibility for home and com-

munity, can't tack up a picture hook without cracking the plaster or their thumbs, and futilely daydream of exchanging wives—futile because, according to Mr. Keats, the wives are as indistinguishably alike as General Motors parts, and because no affair in a glass-

walled community stands a chance: there's not enough privacy even for sin.

To act out this diatribe, Mr. Keats has fashioned a couple of half-hearted puppets, John and Mary Drone, and their equally flaccid friends, the Faints, the

In Memoriam: G. Gissing Vines

WHEN young George Gissing Vines quietly passed away in his sleep last month, an era ended in regional American literature, almost unobserved. Indeed, if it weren't for the knife protruding from his chest and the flaming cross found crackling on the lawn, it is doubtful whether the story would have attracted the attention of the newspapers at all. As it was, only a handful of obituaries made so much as a passing reference to the literary achievement upon which his fame will chiefly rest. It remained for one of Mr. Vines' townsmen, who served as foreman of the jury that returned a verdict of "death by natural causes," to pronounce a fitting eulogy. "It's a shame," he said heavily, "that George won't be able to write any more of them books."

Yet, if the truth were told, the novels of G. Gissing Vines were never really popular among the inhabitants of Degradation, Mississippi. For just as William Faulkner found little favor, at first, among the citizens of Oxford, Mr. Vines has met with the disapproval of his townsmen—but for precisely the contrary reasons. To understand how this could be so, we must first examine the momentous changes that have taken place in the South in recent years. When Mr. Faulkner's novels first appeared, with their idiots, sadists, lunatics, voyeurs, sodomites, alcoholics, criminals, nymphomaniacs, racists and other emblems of cultural stagnation, many Southerners could see little to laugh at. But with the passage of time, there has come a growing awareness, at least among the more progressive and enlightened citizens of Dixie, that the South's only hope of distinction lay in its career as a national disgrace. For if one should subtract these abominations, what has the South left to boast of? Nothing but a dubious cuisine and an impenetrable accent.

These considerations had a certain influence on Mr. Vines' education. It

was the lifelong wish of his father, a local plantation owner, that his son should become a famous Southern novelist, and to this end he used to sneak out at night to the back pasture and erode the soil. Although an abstemious man by nature, he forced himself, for the sake of his son's career, to consume great quantities of powerful liquors, and so well succeeded in this that he eventually became a victim of absinthism and died a broken man.

But in spite of this solicitous upbringing, there was something about young Vines that caused uneasiness among his friends. In his first published short story, for instance, he broadly hinted that the Degradation village idiot, who came out on moonlit nights to bay at the Civil War monument, had actually been imported from Detroit by civic leaders eager to heighten the local color.

His subsequent writings did little to atone for this affront. Particularly rankling to the Southern sense of pride was the author's first and last novel, *Another Intruder In the Dust*, which is mercilessly keen in its portrayal of a Southern town whose citizens are so staggeringly incompetent in the practice of racial bigotry that they find themselves dependent upon a half-demented young man who comes down from New Jersey to conduct their affairs. To Southerners who could remember the Golden Age of Bigotry, when there was scarcely a bedsheet south of the Mason-Dixon Line without armholes in it, this came as a particularly bitter pill.

When the novel appeared in Degradation bookstores, some of those bedsheets felt the vivifying influence of the night air once more as a delegation of citizens went to call on the author.

First of all, the delegation deplored the complete absence from the book of imbeciles, alcoholics and sexual aberrants, which would, it said, give outsiders a completely distorted picture of

the South. Secondly, Mr. Vines had neglected to mention a single crumbling mansion or ramshackle cabin in his novel, although the community that had sheltered him from his earliest childhood, as he well knew, consisted of very little else. Was he trying to undo the work of his illustrious predecessors? Thirdly, and most offensively, he had brought down a bigot from the North when, as everyone knew, the South was full of them.

To this, young Vines answered in a spirited manner that the South had no monopoly on bigots, or idiots either, but only a sizeable majority, and furthermore—crowning heresy!—he'd bet the North would have proved just as decadent if it hadn't had the bad luck to win the Civil War.

After angrily taking leave of Mr. Vines, the delegation did not immediately disperse to their homes, but stood awhile in solemn deliberation. There were some offenses, they agreed, that literary critics cannot, or will not, punish as they ought. The only gentlemanly alternative was to take matters into their own hands in the good old decadent Southern manner.

Some few days later, a stranger, who seemed a very closemouthed sort of person, got off the train at Degradation. He did not pause and speak to any of the townspeople, but went straight to the hardware store, where he bought a hunting knife with a good, stout blade. From there he went to the lumber yard and asked for enough wood, of any easily inflammable sort, to make a cross about five feet high and proportionately wide. Inasmuch as he left town the next day, apparently for good, very little is known about him, except that he spoke with a clearly discernible Brooklyn accent. Doubtless young Vines would have been amused if he had known.

DONALD MALCOLM.

Amiables, the Fecunds, the Wilds, and Mrs. H. Ardis Voter. The amount of either charity or intelligence meted out to the lot of them by the author could be put in a jigger with plenty of room left for a stiff drink.

You will detect that Mr. Keats is annoyed. Livid, in fact. Perhaps if he had been a little cooler he might have dealt with some of his own tacit assumptions. Does he really believe that, prior to World War II, everyone lived in a comfortable old two- and three-story house on Elm Street? Does he really believe that our vast amorphous developments sprang from nothing more than the cupidity of real-estate con-men? Was there no reason why millions of Americans seemed to prefer these "playpens for the diaper set" to the places they were already living in? And if every husband in them is "nostril-deep in swirling debt" and shackled to his mortgage, what explains the extraordinary

mobility of the American populace in these past two decades? Are they all fugitives from the law?

Such quibbles can be answered by Mr. Keats, no doubt. But it is when he proposes some solutions that cracks appear in his own picture window. He suggests that the Japanese, with little space and less privacy, manage somehow to turn inward to their own family life and to imbue it with grace. By this very suggestion he seems to concede that the average American can't *buy* more space, and that it isn't simply the homebuilder's avarice which is walling him in. Again, he urges sound community planning and foresighted zoning. Good, but his contemptuous portrait of Mrs. H. Ardis Voter and Mrs. Hamilton Surge of the Beleaguered Women indicated that he has

scant hope of a crabgrass-roots uprising in suburbia to ram such intricate proposals through.

Perhaps a more disturbing fissure in the argument opens up when Mr. Keats notes that

... Miss Elizabeth O'Malley, director of Montgomery County [Maryland] Social Service League isn't so sure that most development men didn't arrive on the scene weak, passive and inadequate.

Could it also be that a bigger house in a better integrated neighborhood wouldn't necessarily render John Drone strong, active, and adequate? Could it even be that John Keats Drone would find life hell wherever he went? Hell, after all, is portable.

Tropic of Capricorn

by Trevor Huddleston



*Cancer can't strike me,
I'm hiding.*



Cancer?

The American Cancer Society says that too many people die of it, NEEDLESSLY! That's why I have an annual medical checkup however well I feel. I know the seven danger signals. And when I want sound information, I get it from my Unit of the

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

NOTHING is harder, I think, than to convey the atmosphere of Africa to those who do not know it. And this is peculiarly and specially true of that part of Africa—the Union—of which Alan Paton is a citizen. For there, in fantastic juxtaposition, you have contrasts at almost every level. There is the contrast of "color," of course; and the

South Africa in Transition, by Alan Paton, with photographs by Dan Weiner (Scribners; \$5).

hideous frustrations, fears and phobias that it produces. There is the contrast of language—not only between Black and White, but between Afrikaner and British. There is the astounding contrast of scene: the fierce, the wild, the untamed—the gentle, the tender and the soft. The fact is that South Africa is pre-eminently a land of violent antipathies. That is what makes it so exciting and so vital at this moment.

Men talk of the "problems" of such a multi-racial society. They think South Africans are obsessed by problems. But they forget the immense opportunities which are in fact the cause of most of them. Gold, diamonds, uranium—a vast field of potential mineral wealth; land by the million acres; secondary industries developing at revolutionary pace; a

whole new continent awakening to the future, unaware very largely of the past. All this needs *Man*—the laborer, the master of material things. And because, in South Africa, a doctrine of racialism is the foundation of all policies, the source of all legislation, Man stands baffled and bewildered before the riches of his own country.

If you are white, you are obsessed by the fear of being swamped by the Black—because they outnumber you four to one. If you are Black, you live in perpetual frustration. If you are an Afrikaner you assert your new-won position of power over the Britisher. If you are British, you wonder how much longer South Africa can be your home, as you desire it to be.

Alan Paton and Dan Weiner between them have brought South Africa to life. A country "in transition" needs the camera—and in Weiner's superb photography it finds exactly what it needs.

And no one more perfectly than the author of *Cry the Beloved Country* can tell the story of that swift, stimulating transition which is now upon the country of his birth.

Just because the continent of Africa is today the most vital area on earth—I say this unreservedly—we would do well to read and to study all that is reflective upon it.

THEATRE

Anouilh's Valse Triste

AFTER having kept Anouilh at arm's length for more than a decade, Broadway appears to have at last taken him to its bosom. Last season's production of *The Lark* was a great success, and Harold Clurman's current production of *The Waltz of the Toreadors* should prove no less successful. There can be no doubt that the tide has turned in favor of the French playwright who captured Paris and London while we repelled him

The Waltz of the Toreadors, by Jean Anouilh (Coronet Theatre).

as an exotic foreigner whose cynicism and morbidity had no place on our stage. It is far less certain however that our appreciation of these two plays has been sounder than our previous depreciation of Anouilh's work. In the main we have seen in them only the quality of our own defects rather than, as used to be the case, the defects of his qualities. With the help of an idealistic adaptation and an uplifting performance by Julie Harris, *The Lark*, as mocking a work of disenchantment as is consonant with Anouilh's urbanity, commended itself to us as a heroic drama and high tragedy. And currently, *The Waltz of the Toreadors*, as staged by Mr. Clurman and projected by Ralph Richardson in the leading role of a general who is lugubriously lecherous, and as futile as he is ridiculous, commends itself to Broadway chiefly as a farce, rather than as a work of complex and desolate artistry.

Its hero, General St. Pé, is a pompous roué who dictates his memoirs and makes love to the kitchen maids on his estate while his obnoxious wife, the mother of two unbearably ugly daughters, plays the invalid, harasses him continually, and tries to be as unfaithful to him as opportunity will allow. His ludicrous situation reaches its climax when a featherbrained spinster, whom he has idealized but kept at a distance for seventeen years on absurd grounds of marital fidelity turns up at last brandishing letters by his wife allegedly proposing love to the local physician. But far from liberating the General, the lady's evidence only puts him in the more ridiculous situation of pressing for a show-

down with his wife and her physician and of being put to shame by both.

On the surface, *The Waltz of the Toreadors* is so far-fetched that the temptation to treat it as farcical skull-duggery is almost irresistible—at least for Broadway. As if realizing that he must not confuse a public, Mr. Clurman gave the first act every possible accent of physical absurdity. At the end of the act, after both women had attempted suicide, he had the General and his secretary swinging the wife and the spinster across their shoulders as if they were bags of extra-heavy flour. Thereafter, the director and Mr. Richardson missed no opportunity to underscore the farcical complications until the final curtain when the General marches his latest conquest off to the bushes.

To do the director and his star full justice it is necessary to concede that they both knew well enough that *The Waltz of the Toreadors* is not a hand-me-down farce. There certainly was never any doubt that that remarkable actress Mildred Natwick played the wife with full awareness of its Strindbergian dimensions. The scene in which she stands up in her bed to flagellate her husband with scorn and with a recital of her own infidelities is memorable. At that high moment in the drama, as well as in a few scattered moments elsewhere, Ralph Richardson himself was only slightly less responsive to the pathos of his part. What he was unable to do—what the production as a whole was unable to do after a strained first act—was to make the play cohere.

It would be easy enough to blame Broadway for this lack of coherence. Everything tends to be simplified on Broadway, if for no other reason than that a production is obliged to reach a much larger audience than anywhere else before it can pay. But I believe there is another reason, too, which one might call the "either-or" attitude of the American public. An experience has to be either right or wrong, good or bad, funny or sad for that public, for which reason it has difficulty in adjusting itself to many continental plays which abound

in ironic ambivalences and mordant ambiguities.

We think we have said a great deal about a work when we say that it is funny, and we rather think it is priggish for anyone to ask for an explanation or to offer one. In the case of the *Waltz* we do allow ourselves enough leeway to say that it is a work strongly tinged with melancholy. That there is much desolation in *The Waltz of the Toreadors* is true enough, of course, and it is something indeed for our playgoers to be exposed to this sort of "dark comedy," which some will call *civilized* and others call *decadent*. To some degree, it would even be good for us to become acquainted with "decadence," as nothing can be more morally debilitating than our present overfamiliarity with wholesomeness: "health" seems to be our brand of decadence.

Yet I cannot say that Anouilh's sense of desolation precipitates a completely satisfactory drama. Nihilism stands between the author and a complete dramatic experience. In his plays—*Waltz of the Toreadors* only a little less than in his tragic *Antigone*—the parts are greater than the whole. They are often fascinating, but they don't fit together: this nay-saying writer is too busy thumbing his nose at life to give any genuine significance to its failures, just as he is often brilliant in lighting up elements of human behavior without creating human beings. We do not know Anouilh's principal characters, the General and his wife; we know only the latter's amorous animation and the latter's animus against her husband. Nor does the conduct of the characters have any relation to their environment, their status, their past, or their present.

ANOUILH is no Chekhov even with the Chekhovian materials of the current work. And apparently he knows his limits—and I rather believe the astute Mr. Clurman knows them, too. For it is evident in this production, as in much else Anouilh has written, that the author relies on his theatricality—here predominantly farcical—to sustain the interest of his work. Such work is sufficient unto the day, but only unto the day. Our belated discovery of Anouilh should not encourage us to overestimate a talent that will always be precarious and will always require the pyrotechnical skill of a harlequin to conceal its aridity.

JOHN GASSNER

PAINTING

Moderns In Chicago

CHICAGO papers normally don't make much of a thing about art, but for the American show (the 62nd just opened at the Art Institute) they rally round either to view with alarm or to make merry. The boys have a good case this year. The hundred and twenty six paintings and sculptures were selected by Frederick A. Sweet, the Institute's American curator, and the impression they give is that of the high school intellectual who, mocked by the toughs for his clean collar and pressed pants, presently turns up with a rose in his lapel.

It is widely believed around Chicago that every manifestation of "modern art" stems from a deliberate conspiracy centered, of course, in New York and quite likely connected with Communism. Taking New York, in this context, to mean a general ignoring of communication in art plus, when applicable, a determined refusal to communicate anything worth communicating, the Institute pretty consistently out-New Yorks New York. This year, if the well balanced and in most areas excellent Whitney annual be considered a decent reflection of current New York doctrine, the Chicago variant is not only on the right side of the Hudson, but considerably east of Montauk and going down for the third time.

The Chicago show, to be sure, was put together under one unusual and immense handicap. It is being shown in conjunction with the exhibition that represented this country at last summer's Venice Biennale, "American Artists Paint the City." Katherine Kuh, the Chicago Art Institute's curator of contemporary art, assembled that one and she did a whale of a job. Sweet, for his part, was committed not to overlap the Venice paintings. This left him, almost inevitably, with a road company kind of show for the 62nd.

But the tipoff that the 62nd isn't entirely the victim of Venice comes in the sculpture section, in which there was a completely free hand. With few exceptions the pieces are examples of what may be called the *weldanschauung* of contemporary sculpture of the past few years. That the weld has started to break was amply evident in the Whitney, where the whole ground floor was given over to sculpture. At Chicago, the art of the tinker remains dominant. Noguchi's lovely ceramic "The Queen," a four foot piece in pale ivory, is perfectly symmetrical, a kind of great pot with top and handles, suggesting the austere delight of Oriental vases and the more active connotations of the chess figure. Ruth Asawa's "Number 3" is a hanging group of brass wire spheres, slightly flattened like Japanese lanterns, arranged in dumbbell fashion and containing spheres within spheres. A slight thing, perhaps, but charmingly done and most pleasant to find in Chicago. Together, the two pieces constitute an unusually blunt statement of the great exception to the law of abrasion in current sculpture: It's all right to be graceful if you're Japanese.

JOSEPH CORNELL, who is quite possibly the most unimportant artist now working, is represented by "Pavillion," one his little shadow box arrangements of, from front to back, a pillar and a slat, some broken glass, a wall with a window, and a piece of an old map. This is billed in the catalogue as "a personal contribution to the surrealist interpretation of the 'Object,'" and like a lot of surrealism it belongs in the one-touch-of-whimsy school of interior decorating.

The officially best painting in the show is James Brooks' "R 1953" and from title to size—about seven feet by seven feet—it illustrates what's the matter with the dominant painting at Chicago. It consists of haphazard splotches in dirty green, dull pink and tarnished black. It could be sawed in half or doubled in size without making much difference. It totally lacks the verve and eclat of Jackson Pollock, who, I imagine, is responsible for a good deal of

this stuff. Art for the sake of art has never reached a deader end than here.

The only painting in the show that pushes back the frontiers of art is Tristan Meinecke's "Heterogeneous Icon," which reveals the untapped possibilities split level painting. The base level of the work is simply a swirl of red, white and black, more or less viscous in feeling. Several inches out from this is mounted a piece of composition board, hacked up here and there to make the base visible. On the outer surface is painted a man-like figure in broad black outlines like a very crude Rouault, the outlines being filled in with more viscosity. As a matter of fact the work is fairly compelling, but at ten feet the gimmick disappears and closer than that it's profoundly irritating.

RICO LEBRUN has a very fine horizontal "Machine Gun," in which that accoutrement of the age is seen in earth tones as if it had been excavated from some vanished city. The effect is something like that of Grosz's beat-up but tenacious armies of some years back, but sadder, more resigned, with no hint of irony.

In the show as it stands, Larry Rivers looks possibly a lot better than he is. His "The Studio" must be thirty feet across and it is simply a loose composition of various people who have posed for him. They often appear twice and always have one or two alternate positions lightly sketched. The life size central nude, arms raised, dominates the canvas and it is punctuated here and there by birds, a pot belly stove and a view out the window. All these objects and persons are painted on a flat white ground, which adds to the sketch book immediacy which gives the work its initial charm.

FRANK GETLEIN

Notes on Contributors

FREMONT KUTNEWSKY is on the editorial staff of *The New Mexico State Magazine*. ANTHONY WINTHROP JR. is a young architect. TREVOR HUDDLESTON, a monk of the Anglican Community of the Resurrection, has been a missionary to South Africa and an outspoken opponent of the Malan regime. He is the author of *Naught for Your Comfort*. JOHN GASSNER's newest book is *Form and Idea in Modern Theatre*. FRANK GETLEIN is art critic of *The Milwaukee Journal*.

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(Continued from page 3)

what the West does *not* need now. Krishnamurti, sounding almost more like Huxley than Huxley, says "As long as action is the outcome of desire, of memory, of fear, of pleasure and pain, it must inevitably breed conflict, confusion and antagonism." Perhaps. But in that case, just what sorts of action are left us? No wonder Mr. Hackett finds the soigné swami "confusing," and his "secret" "hard to put into English words."

WILLIAM ESTY

New York, N. Y.

"... religious imperialism"

IF Francis Hackett wants to believe in the self that is a bore, I hope he will allow me to believe in the self that is paradoxically both a child of God and a sinner. If I let him believe that "life in time is confusion and misery," perhaps he will let me believe that time and history are the prime areas of man's fulfillment. If he wishes to cultivate the supreme intelligence that frees one from pain, maybe he will allow me to cherish the sacrificial love that transmutes pain into power.

But when Mr. Hackett intimates that both of us are really believing in the same sort of thing, I have to wonder who is making the "reckless utterance," the "shallow pronouncement."

In any case I must protest, in the name of my native land and my father's native land—*i.e.*, China—the careless way of talking about "Asia" or "The Orient" as though it were all one cultural entity. The Mahayana Buddhism I knew as a lad in China had precious little resemblance to the Hinayana Buddhism to which Mr. Hackett makes a passing reference. And the tough positivism of the Chinese Confucian tradition is as little like Hindu metaphysics as British utilitarianism is like the mysticism of Plotinus. Actually the culture of China is as different from that of India, as the culture of either country is different from that of the United States. And if I like

to insist on these differences, it may be due to my Protestant prejudices, and then again it may be due simply to my early Confucian breeding.

Certainly "religious isolationism" is an appalling thing. I have always liked to believe, however, that I was a sort of religious pluralist. This seems to me to be essential Protestantism, resting as it does on Saint Paul's teaching that there is only one "spirit" but that there are many "gifts." It is important, therefore, to discriminate among the spiritual gifts possessed by different individuals and by different cultures. And it is only when we define carefully the differences that we know the areas where we must exercise humility for ourselves and charity for others.

But there is something worse than religious isolationism, and that is religious imperialism. It was bad enough in the old days when religion took to the sword. It is simply more offensive in its modern, genteel form, when it prattles about a "common human nature" which a good many allegedly human natures (both Protestant and Confucian) are unable to recognize. And it rises to a grotesque sort of spiritual pride when it declares: "I am the universal; therefore all others are mere particulars. I am the great virtue of tolerance; therefore all who challenges me are the intolerant. Come now, my children, let us forget our differences, and get together on a common ground, where all can agree with one another—and with me!"

ROBERT E. FITCH,
Dean

Pacific School of Religion

► The Clarence Darrow Centenary

SIRS:

The centenary of the birth of Clarence Darrow will be commemorated, in a day-log program, under the auspices of The Adult Education Council of Greater Chicago, on May 1, 1957.

In connection with this commemoration, I have been asked to assemble exhibits of various kinds that will serve to depict the man Darrow and his many-sided career, as lawyer, writer, civic leader, public official, civil libertarian, individualist, lecturer and teacher. I am eager to secure the loan of letters, briefs, manuscript and legal material in general, books, pamphlets, circulars and printed material generally, photographs, cartoons, drawings and other pictorial

material—in short, anything that will revitalize Darrow, his personality and his career. I would like to obtain material on such famous cases as those involving Debs, MacNamara, Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone, Sweatt, Scopes, Loeb and Leopold, Massie, *et al.* All of the material will be insured and otherwise protected while in our possession.

ELMER GERTZ

Chicago, Illinois

► Spanish Refugee Aid

SIRS:

I am writing this letter to whomsoever it may concern, *i.e.* you. The Spanish Civil War ended eighteen years ago. There are still between 150 and 200 thousand exiles who will not go back. Franco has solemnly promised to amnesty all those who would come back. Why amnesty when they had committed no crime? Those who have come back—a handful—have sometimes found that Franco's promises are not to be trusted. Lieutenant Colonel Beneyto, for instance, who was shot on November 19th, 1956.

Most of the exiles have made good. They have acquired independent positions sometimes in difficult circumstances; and in some cases—in Mexico, for instance—they have powerfully contributed to the culture and prosperity of their adoptive country. But the handicapped ones—by language, trade, age, illness, or other circumstances—have been and are living a hard life.

The Spanish Refugee Aid, Inc. (80 East 11th Street, N.Y.C. 3), founded four years ago, is taking care of them. The Committee needs your help. This concerns you for you are a free citizen of a free country. Help.

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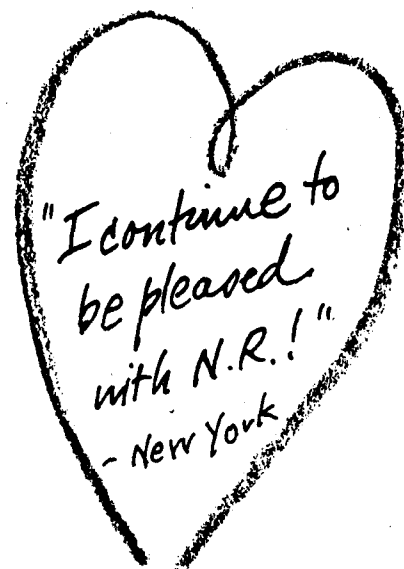
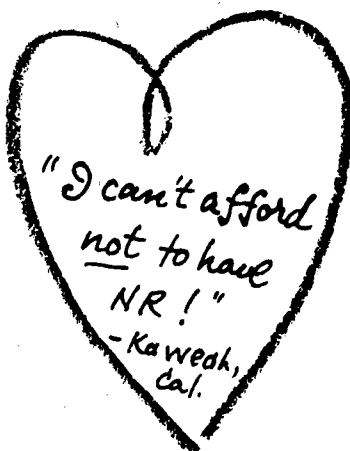
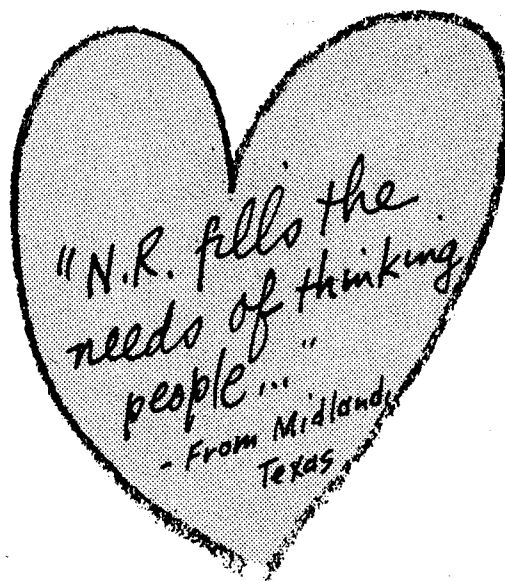
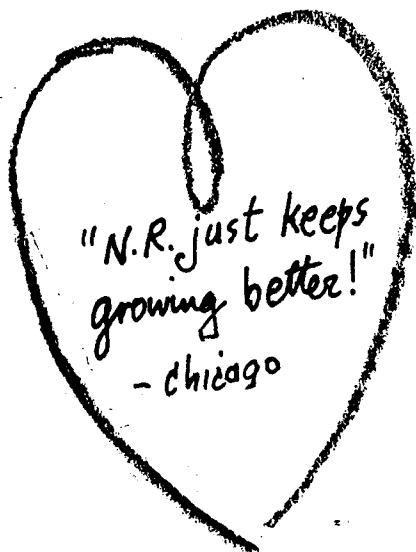
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